Supernatural, Castiel, Gabriel, any. "Technically speaking, we're neither male nor female."

PG. This is mostly a character study set late in S5, and yes. They are arguing.

Gabriel doesn't let him walk away. Gabriel doesn't let him turn his back on him again.

There is a hand on his wrist, and he cannot pull free from Gabriel's hold. Gabriel spins him back around, and pins him with his eyes.

"You know as well as I do that it's about the pleasure, Castiel." Gabriel's tone is flat. "We're not allowed children. Believe me, I know."

"You are no more than a beast, then," and Castiel is daring Gabriel to destroy him. "To retreat to physical pleasure so many times."

"It's just flesh, Castiel. I'm not meant to be down here, so what's one more rule to break?" Gabriel's mocking again. "So long as I don't bring back kids for Dad to destroy, anything goes."

"Unhand me," Castiel says. His voice is cold.

Gabriel shakes his head, and he's all ridicule now. "You've done the same with Dean Winchester. Who are you to cast stones on my practices?"

Castiel exhales the air that he doesn't need to breathe, scowling. "It is comfort for Dean. It is one more sacrifice to him."

"The Righteous Man wasn't supposed to become a God, Castiel."

"He is all I have left," Castiel said, and Gabriel stopped forming his next sentence, realizing what Castiel meant.

When Castiel tugged his wrist free, Gabriel let it go. Castiel gave him a look that dared him to stop him, and then he was gone with the sound of wings.

Gabriel remained where he was, frozen.

"...you weren't supposed to stop looking," He whispered at last. "You were supposed to *find* him."

But there was no one there.